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CALLAN.

CALLAN, a small town, about eight miles from Kilkenny, situate on a stream called the King's River, was formerly a place of note, possessing three castles, all now in ruins: the place in every other respect appears in the same dilapidated state to which it was reduced in the time of Cromwell. A Friary for Augustinian Eremites was founded here, by James, father to Peter, Earl of Ormond, who died on the 16th of April, 1487, and was interred here. The tower and walls of this friary still remain: and it is probable that the bones of the founder were laid in the wall, under two Gothic arches which yet stand near the east window. The nave of the church, with its fine lateral aisles, still remains in good preservation: the choir is now the parish church; and the cemetery of the founder's family, overgrown with moss and ivy, adjoins the choir.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

THE BRIDAL.

Courtown Castle, the seat of the noble family of Grace, whose proud towers are now no more, and whose powerful lords are now mingled with the dust, and long have been forgotten, except by the antiquary, and the casual eye of the tourist, who in visiting the venerable cathedral of St. Canice in Kilkenny, may cast a glance on the dilapidated tomb of the Graces, with its marble statue and its rampant lion. Rudely as it is carved on the unpolished marble, still it calls to mind the days in which the rude retainers of that noble house bore their lords, with all the pomp of feudal grandeur, through the lofty arches of that gloomy aisle, to be gathered to their fathers, or when that rampant lion waved from the top of the keep of Courstown, in defiance of all its enemies, or fluttered over the heads of the soldiers of Grace in the last battle they ever fought for their country. The ancient banner of that ancient house never waved its silken folds on a more happy occasion than when the young and beautiful Catherine Archer was to wed the eldest son of the Baron of Courstown. The preparations for the coming bridal was the sole business of the inhabitants of Courstown for some time. Nothing was heard but the clang of craftsmen erecting palisades, and the noise of armourers repairing and making armour; while many a young heart beat high with the hope of distinction at the coming banquet, and many an aged minstrel was invited to lend his assistance at the nuptials of the youthful pair.

Alas, poor mortals! how often, in the midst of splendour, pomp, and gaiety, would the heart fall, and the dance cease, and the rose leave the cheek of beauty, and the tear rise in the laughing eye, and fall upon the breast throbbing with grief, which but a moment before had been the abode of all that could make it happy—if they but knew what a week would bring forth.

The wished-for day at length arrived, and never did the morning break over the hills of Tullaroan with greater beauty and brightness, and never did the "glorious lamp of heaven" shine with a brighter light on the massive, though elegant, towers of Courstown, than it did on that morning, when with light and merry hearts the bridal party left its noble domains, and turned their horses' heads towards the walls of Kilkenny.

The lofty round tower, which forms such a remarkable object in the same noble cathedral of St. Canice, was already visible to the bridal party: nor were they long till they reached its gates, where they were met by the monks of St. John, by whose abbot the ceremony was to be performed. The gallant train wended slowly through the gloomy arches of that spacious aisle, which at that time was the finest in Ireland, and which then looked doubly beautiful, as it was graced by a splendid window, subsequently demolished by the soldiers of Cromwell, in the true spirit of tyrannical bigotry. The rays of the summer sun, glancing through the gorgeous and gilded shades, threw the reflection of its brilliancy on the cold marble, making the armorial bearings seem as if they had been fresh coloured by the hands of the artist. The ceremony had commenced, and the Lord of Ormonde and the Count de Burgess stood near the altar, and seemed to regard the proceedings with more than common interest.

"Without doubt, De Burgess," said Ormonde, "she is a lovely girl. Among all the beauties that surround her, she seems to be the most beautiful."

"But why gets the bride so suddenly pale? Look, Ormonde, look—see that foul raven on the bridegroom's bonnet;" and as he spoke, the bird of ill-omen flew upwards, while its hoarse and croaking voice resounded among the arches, and entered its accustomed haunts in the lofty of the cathedral tower. This ominous event damped for a while the general mirth; but on the venerable abbot speaking a few encouraging words, and bestowing a fervent blessing on the youthful pair, the general harmony was restored.

The sun had not yet long passed its meridian, when the party set out in gallant array for the castle of Kilkenny, where refreshments awaited them; and as they rode along the high street of Kilkenny, many an humble citizen left his business to gaze on the passing train.

The noble castle of Kilkenny, whose lofty towers look down in the limpid waters of the "stubborn Nore," as if gazing at their own splendour, was now entered; and its lofty gateway never gave entrance to a more noble company. First came the Lord of Ormonde, the Count de Burgess, and the Graces; then followed, in long succession, the Sweetman, the Fitzgerald, the Horsehill, the Shortall, and numerous others. The long and splendid gallery, the beautiful towers, and the noble gateway, were each admired; and after the banquet, in which the noble Butler had vied with the princely Grace in hospitality, again the guests set out for Courstown, and again the Butler and De Burgess rode together.

They had now begun to penetrate the forest which intervened between Kilkenny and Courstown—the last rays of the sun still lingered on the horizon—and now they had gone half way through its recesses, when suddenly there was a rustling among the branches, and an arrow whistling among them, electrified the party; and amidst the shrieks of the women, and the execrations of the men, the gallant young bridegroom fell from his horse a lifeless corpse.

There was a general cry of "Treason, treason—we are beset!" The noise of the stringing of crossbows, the whissing of bolts, and the clang of arms, for a while drowned the shrieks of the women; but when the first panic had subsided, all eyes were turned on Catherine. She stood gazing on the corpse, but no tear flowed from her dark eye, and no sound escaped from her compressed lips. Her brother Henry, a fine youth of fifteen, stood with his arms round her.

"Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" said he, "why do you not speak—why do you not cry? Oh, Catherine, do not look so wildly!"

"Henry," said she, "for shame; those tears become you not. Remember that you now wear a sword—revenge, first—then we will have time for tears. My lord of Ormonde, and all you noble lords who have done honour to my unfortunate lord, this is the deed of the traitor Cantwell—he cannot be far off. Oh, noble Ormonde, lead the chase! I saw his dark and ruffian countenance among the trees, just as that fatal arrow whissed past me."

"Then, I swear, lady, this sword will never find its sheath, until his body hangs on that oak, be he taken dead or alive. I did not think the outlawed traitor dare do this. Come, my gallant comrades, there is a lady with tears in her eyes, who will stand by and see them. Come, De Burgess, come Sweetman, come all; but stay—let you, De Burgess, remain with the lady Catherine, and also let you, followers of Grace, stay and protect your lady. If odds overpower us we will shout, 'Butler adieu—to the rescue!' And now forward, my brave comrades—death to the Cantwell." And with shouts of revenge the little party dashed among the surrounding trees.

The lovely Catherine bent over the body of her husband, the other ladies also surrounded it and all wept but the bride, whose eyes, hot and dry, refused a single tear. She looked up at length, and softly said, "Henry," he was not there. "Oh, Henry, Henry, if that traitor Cantwell know you, he will take thy life! Oh, Ormonde, may thy sword protect him." The manly figure of De Burgess, who stood by with folded arms, his head sunk on

his breast, and the dark plumes of his Spanish hat shading his face, now caught her attention, and raising her head, "Sir Knight," said she, "my brother." She said no more; and De Burgess was just turning to follow the pursuers, when he heard the sudden cry of "Grasaeaboo—to the rescue, to the rescue," and he perceived that they were attacked. A tall knight, in sable armour, with one black plume in his helmet, seemed the leader. On him De Burgess immediately flew, although without armour of any description to protect him, and nothing but his short hunting sword in his hand. The odds were too fearful—the gallant knight soon lay upon the ground, and all resistance was almost at an end, when Ormonde, Sweetman, and the rest, rushed into the fray, and soon Ormonde made the sable knight "bite the dust;" and placing his foot upon his throat, "Yield thee, Cantwell, or this moment thou diest!"

"I will not yield, Ormonde, to you, at least, thou false knight. I will never yield."

"Then die," said Ormonde: "but no; the death of a true knight thou shalt not die—that oak shall be thy end. Secure him, soldiers!" and the victorious party bound him, and then unloosing his helmet, displayed the savage features of Cantwell.

"Traitor!—and more than traitor, murderer—what was thy motive for that?" said Ormonde, pointing to the body of Edward.

"He loved Catherine Archer," said Cantwell, "and I loved her, and he won her—her, for whom I would have forsaken all, and did forsake all—he got her."

"Do you business, minion," said Ormonde to a kern who with rope in hand stood by; "it is almost dark, you must use despatch."

"Ormonde," said Cantwell, "my sins be on your head; if you grant me one thing to say, a prayer."

Ormonde pointed to the corpse again. Cantwell was silent, and in a few moments his body was quivering from the tree.

R. A.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

(AN ORIGINAL WALLER, COUNTY OF KENNY.)

Behold the blooming laurel, of emerald green, so bright,
Though all around it drooping in cheer, the wanderer's sight,
To hill and vale bestowing a gleam of gladness dear.
The only thing now blowing off that flourish'd here.
It bends to kiss the streamlet, and brighter seem the rills.
That sport in curves around it, than aught the fount distills;
It glimmers in the weak ray of winter's transient sun,
As if sol in its fall sway upon its beauty shone—
Nay, lovelier it seems, now a golden lustre plume,
While fragile summer vials look dead or in the tomb.
The gay laurel, 'tis true, the rose more sombre still,
And all the verdant glow that deck'd you, sleeping hill,
Have cast their summer dresses in dullness all appear;
Yet still the laurel's blooming to greet the new-come year.
Nor violet, nor primrose, now delight us on the gale,
(How oft in this lone vale I've stood their sweetness to inhale!);
Not ev'n the spangled daisy, that makes each scene look gay—
Al! all that told of summer, alas! have met decay:
Like he, the laurel's smiling through ev'ry season's change;
Not hope that lives beguiling, and fond hearts would estrange
From all but earthly pleasures—Oh, no! but hope that cheers
Through every change of fortune, and dries the mourner's tears.

C. M. G.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN LIVERPOOL.

"Life in London" we have had, sketched for us in a thousand different forms. The following outline of the present state of society in Liverpool, is the first description we have seen in print of the manners and habits of this commercial town. We copy it from a work just published, "Sketches of a Seaport Town," by H. F. Chorley.

SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

"To say, that in a place singularly destitute of nobility, its inhabitants have themselves substituted an aristocracy of wealth in place of one of family, is, perhaps, some little beyond the precise truth; and yet it comes nearer to the truth than any other form of words that could be used. There is as much subdivision into sets and sects, as much

exclusiveness, with all its train of bad consequences, as in the wider and nobler circles of the metropolis—and over all, and through all, a mercantile spirit at work, which is singularly unfavourable to the development of mind. There is, indeed, scarcely any inducement for a man to exert and improve the powers with which he has been gifted, if, valuing every thing by the standard of pounds, shillings, and pence, he feels that his standing is secure, that he may talk wisdom or folly, as he will, and still he looked up to in society, as a person of consequence and authority;—nay, that he is in most circles more popular as he is, than he would be were he to bear the character of a hard reader, or a deep thinker. The withering influence of fashion, has also its share in depreciating the standard of intelligence. Our circles are not wide enough to allow of individuals setting up as characters; in which case alone does she tolerate any originality of thought, word, or deed—she therefore imposes upon her subjects a uniformity of conduct and manner; trammelling them as effectually within their artificial ordinances, as the conjuror, when he confines the chicken within his magic circle of chalk. But it seems to me, that we are fallen on particularly cheerless times, as respects ease or enjoyment in general society.

THE MEN.

"As far as concerns the Men, the age of dandyism has, thank Heaven! passed over: the delicate youths who put their hair in *papillotes*, and ironed their cravats upon their necks, are now striving in the mart of business, for their rising families, or shivering over their cheerless bachelor hearths, remembering days and glories gone by, when it was at once their occupation and their pleasure to rival the caprices of fair ones as fantastic and *manieré* as themselves. But though the present race of men may be less fignical than the last—poor society is no gainer by their increase of manliness. If they are less sedulous attenders of balls than their predecessors, they are more constant at dinner parties; and at these they love to herd together, to talk the strong talk of emptiness—of their dogs, and horses, and amours—and to settle the great questions of the day, over which statesmen are racking their brains, and for the right understanding whereof, philosophers are patiently drawing their conclusions from the experience of the past, in a few stout words, against which there can be no appeal. As to pursuit of any kind, beyond the above mentioned amusements, it is almost utterly unknown among them, and even should any one be followed in secret, it is not to be alluded to in conversation, if its follower would keep clear of the artillery of idle tongues, ever ready to satirise what their owners do not comprehend.

THE LADIES.

"On the other hand, the present system of female training, has its share in making society a burden, instead of an excitement and an exercise to those who understand something better than rapid talk about the nothings of the day, or the more racy amusement of quizzing your *cis-à-vis* in a quadrille. While fashion attacks any tendency to blisim with her most blighting ridicule, and inculcates a cold *posé* demeanour, under which every natural impulse and feeling is to be impenetrably concealed; education has parcelled out the time of her victim, and carried her at set hours from French to history, from history to music, from music to metaphysics, and so on, without ever stopping to study the natural biases and talents born with her. What a marvellous discrepancy is there between these two codes! Routine (for it is dishonouring education to allow her counterfeit to assume her name) ordains that the young lady of the nineteenth century shall know every thing: fashion values her in proportion as she talks as if she knew nothing—routine crams her with book-learning—fashion teaches her to sneer at clever people; and thus, between the two, the natural buoyancy of girlhood, which never stayed to consider whether the laugh was a tone too loud, or the step a thought too quick, or the talk a shade too confidential, is as completely crushed as if it had never existed; and there seems now no longer any intermediate step between the child on her way to school, and the well-tutored, well-dressed woman, armed at all points for society, and equally proof against enjoyments and annoyances."